

THE
HAMILTONIAN



HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

JANUARY NUMBER

1919

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THE HAMILTONIAN

Vol. I

HAMILTON, MASS., JANUARY, 1919

No. 3

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The Hamiltonian is published monthly by the Hamilton High School.
Yearly subscription, \$1.00 By mail \$1.10 Single Copy 15c
Single copies may be obtained at Knowles' Drug Store.
Address all communications to Business Manager of "The Hamiltonian",
So. Hamilton, Mass.

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JANUARY

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward, and below.

I count—as god of avenues and gates—
The years that thru my portals come and go.

I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MADEMOISELLE MYSTERIOUS

Chapter 1—The Voice of the Battlefield.

Marie Duplessis had disappeared. She, the famous French prima-donna, the idol of all Paris! Where had she gone? Nobody knew, for she had left no clues. Detectives were put on the trail, but without success. No traces of her could be found. She had just slipped away from the stage and her devoted admirers. All Paris talked about it. Her brother Gene was told the terrible news by a fellow poilu as he lay convalescing in a rest camp. Her fiance, Rene Dupre, was heart broken, and, after waiting for two long weeks, which seemed like years to him, he enlisted, as an aviator. They called him "L'audacieux", which means "the Dare-devil", for his courage could not be equalled, and his happiness was never greater than when engaged on some dangerous mission. While all his comrades were "going West," he was coming out of all his engagements without a scratch. In fact, he seemed immune from danger. People said he was queer, because he still believed that Marie Duplessis had gone away of her own accord. He thought that she was alive, and would, some day, come back to him. People told him that this theory was absurd, but he stubbornly clung to his own opinion.

*

a rehearsal, and had never returned. Her friends mourned her as dead, and her manager, Alec Dupont, had offered great sums of money for information as to her whereabouts. She was to have taken the title role in the "Maid of Bautreux" which was to have been staged only two weeks after the date of her disappearance.

Posters were put out describing her appearance, but this seemed a futile proceeding, for had she not been known to the whole population of Paris? Her sweet, strong voice was heard no longer in the theatres, and others took her place in the theatrical world; but some people there were who could not forget the gracious Mademoiselle Duplessis. Her manager, not being satisfied with the efforts of the detectives, sent to England and employed men from Scotland Yard, at great expense, but without avail, for the case baffled them. So Marie Duplessis was soon forgotten, except by those faithful few of her friends who prayed for her safe return.

* * *

He was just a wounded poilu, but, as he lay on the battlefield, he heard a voice singing, faintly at first. There was a lull in the fighting, and the voice then rang out loud and sweet and clear,

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Then it stopped. His heart was beating wildly. He had heard that voice before,

*

Meanwhile, where was this idol of the stage? She had gone to her manager's for

for he had been Assistant Property-man in a theatre, and many times had he heard it rise high and clear in some simple melody. He spoke to a fellow-sufferer a few feet away, who lay wounded in a shell-hole,—an American, who was with the Foreign Legion. “I know that voice. It is that of the great singer, Marie Duplessis.” John Howard, the American, who was still conscious, though in great pain, believed this to be merely the imagination of a fevered mind. “It is probably the voice of a nurse,” he mused, “one of these wonderful American girls who are making life (and death) so much easier for our brave soldiers.” But the poilu was certain that it was the voice of “Le gracieux Ma’mselle” and no other. The battle raged fiercely, and Francois Pallette, the poilu, never lived to see its end. Afterwards John Howard told the Lieutenant of his company what the poilu had said of the singer, and the officer replied that he, too, had heard the voice, and that it was that of a girl ambulance driver, who was singing to a seriously wounded soldier, on his way to Blighty, to keep his spirits up. However, the news spread, for when John Howard was sent back of the lines to a rest camp, he was placed beside Gene Duplessis. Not knowing Duplessis’ name, Howard one day mentioned the peculiar incident of the battlefield. Gene at once sent word to his sister’s manager, but when a detective was sent to the front, he could gain no information as to who the singer had been. She had not been seen after that incident, but a soldier who happened to have been in the ambulance she was driving said, that she was “a tiny thing with big black eyes.” The detectives closely followed up this clue, but, as by chance there was found another girl ambulance driver who resembled Marie in all those details, but who had already

been a year and half at the front, the search was abandoned.

* * *

At last the detectives in Paris had a clue! A girl had been seen in a suburb of Paris whom they felt beyond doubt was Marie Duplessis. Then she had disappeared again, and she was not seen for days. Her press-agent put out more posters and her manager raised the amount of the reward; but to no purpose, for after days of earnest and painstaking effort, the detective found that the clue led to only a poor French girl working in a millinery store, and they then gave up the chase.

On the battle-field the voice was heard often at the close of some big fight, or when there was a lull in the turmoil. Dying soldiers heard it, and passed out with a smile on their lips, and a blessing in their hearts for the woman who, in that desolate waste, could raise her voice in some old-time melody.

Rene Dupre still flew over the lines, and it was said that at sight of him, the singing would cease. Why was it? Was the mysterious singer really Marie Duplessis or was she merely the “tiny American girl ambulance driver with big black eyes?”

Chapter II.—Marie Appears.

Gene Duplessis wondered, as the preparations went on for a big attack, whether or not he would come out of the battle. They were to go “over the top” at 5.15 the next morning, preceded by a heavy barrage of fire concentrated against a two mile front. As he sat cleaning his gun he recalled how he had come out of his last fight with only a slight wound. He was back from the rest camp, and was again going to serve his country, perhaps die for it. He was anxious for the battle to start, and yet, in a way, he dreaded it. He laughed with his companions over the

nervousness of the American rookies who were about to go into their first battle.

As five-fifteen came nearer and nearer, Gene had a sinister feeling. He spoke to the fellow next to him, "If I die," said he, "will you see for me that this letter is sent?" The soldier promised and put the letter—which was to Aleec Dupont—in his pocket. At five o'clock the bombardment commenced. The nervous tension of the soldiers ran high. Red Cross dressing-stations, just behind the lines, showed more and more signs of life, and there preparations were going on for the receiving of a large amount of wounded. Five-ten came. The rookies in the reserve trenches glued their eyes to their wrist watches. Some of the soldiers whom war had hardened were grouped around an old Poilu who was telling them a story. Some of the men were writing letters to mothers, and to "girls they had left behind" whom they would never perhaps again see. At twelve minutes past men clasped their rifles firmer, bayonets fixed, and waited for the order to advance.

* * *

As he lay wounded out in No Man's Land he saw, as if in a dream, a girl in white come out of the hazy nowhere. Stretchers bearers followed her, on her errand of mercy, as she went from soldier to soldier, administering aid to the wounded. His eyes roamed over the battle-scarred field, and he saw her kneeling beside a dying soldier holding his rosary. She was a picture, kneeling there, one hand resting on the fevered brow of the Poilu, the other holding the beads that meant so much to him. His company had made an advance that was very noticeable when the futile attempts of past days were considered, and the casualty list was very heavy.

Suddenly he looked again. That nurse looked strangely familiar. Was she—could

she be—his sister? He raised himself to a sitting position despite the pain in his shoulder. He looked intently at her through pain-dimmed eyes. Then he fell back exhausted. "Marie," he gasped in as loud a voice as he could command, "Marie." Thinking he was in great pain, Marie Duplessis—for it was she—came over to him. "Marie," he said again and with great difficulty, "Don't you know me? I'm Gene." Thinking perhaps she could still keep her identity concealed she said, as if speaking to a child, "Why of course you're Gene." Then he lost consciousness, and while he was in this stupor he was taken back to the base hospital in the rear of lines. When he came to, a nurse was bathing his forehead. "You're not Marie," he murmured, "I want her." "Now," said the nurse firmly, "I don't want you to talk any more. You're just going to sleep for a short time while Doctor Rambeau dresses that shoulder.

* * *

Her work for the day being done, Marie Duplessis sank into a chair in her room at the base hospital. She was thoroughly despondent. What should she do? "What," she said to herself, "if he asks for me, and not by my assumed name? He will no doubt tell them that I am not Aurele Latour, a poor French nurse. They will think I am a spy," she ended bitterly. There she sat far into the evening wondering what she should best do. Should she see Gene and warn him not to speak of her, or should she merely try to avoid seeing him, and trust to luck and fate that he would think he saw her in a dream? If she made herself known to him, he would ask why she had gone away so silently—so mysteriously—gone without even telling him or Rene Dupre.

As she sat there an idea came to her. She got up, took her cape from the closet, and went out. When the sun rose over a

certain base hospital it became known that Aurele Latour had received a very important summons from Paris—where she had immediately gone on a city-bound ambulance, at midnight.

* * *

As Gene lay in bed he said to the nurse who was dressing the wound in his shoulder, "Who is the nurse with the black eyes and hair that is so pretty?" "Oh!", said the nurse, "that is Miss Latour who received a summons from Paris last evening. She is not here now. Did you hear her singing to the soldiers?" "No," said he, "she dressed my wound for me. She looked very much like someone I know, and I was wondering who she was." He was disappointed for he was sure that he had seen his sister, but, he thought, she

might have changed her name. "But what would she do that for?" he asked himself. No, he would not think of it. It was not his sister, but oh! how she resembled her. As he lay pondering a thought came to him. Marie Duplessis had been recognized on the battlefield by another soldier, for had not John Howard heard her voice and received the statement of Francois Pallette that it was she? Why had Miss Latour gone away? Had she really received a summons from Paris or had she asked the authorities to say so as a blind? If so, why did she not want her identity known? Would he ever see his sister again? Meanwhile where was Marie Duplessis? Where had she gone at midnight on an ambulance? Who knew? Do you?

(To be continued)

LYNDALL M. MILLER, '20.

YVONNE

It was just at the daffodil time of spring, and the yellow flowers were growing in profusion never seen except in Italy. Up on the hill side in the midst of their riotous beauty stood the old Palazzo, stained with the marks of time, dilapidated, as were so many of the old mansions where the families lived on little else than the memories of their ancient splendor, but looking to-day like a house of romance. All the land seemed at rest and peace.

On the low broken wall that surrounded the moss-grown courtyard Yvonne was seated. Her eyes were sad and thoughtful, for she was thinking of Francois, the man whom she was to marry and who was to rebuild the broken traditions of her house. He was coming home to-day.

Then, with the bitter-sweetness of remembrance, her thoughts went back to another spring, when she was walking in the daffodil fields. On that morning she

had heard a man's voice singing, pure, clear, and perfect.

The singer, young, lean, muscular and handsome had passed her. Laughing eyes had met his. She had smiled and thrown him a daffodil. "I paid him for his song," Yvonne had said to herself. Something within her had answered, "You lie! you threw him a love token."

They had met again and again. Yvonne in her day-dreams, smiled as she thought of how under the very eyes of their friends, her father, and her mother they had whispered their love. They had murmured their secret until it no longer became a secret, and they were watched.

They had resolved to run away, and, far from the friends and enemies of their youth, find some place where they could live forgotten by the world—a perpetual honey moon among the roses.

But then had come the war. Francois, with a burst of patriotic feeling—fierce,

intense and ardent—had started for the Front, and Yvonne, feeling that her heart was broken, had watched him go.

In the long days that passed Yvonne found her dreary life brightened only by frequent news of him.

So Yvonne dreamed her dreams until she heard the noise of horses' hoofs on the road and the sound of wheels that stopped at the old gate. A man was crossing the courtyard. He appeared aged and feeble,

leaning on a stick and walking with difficulty.

She rose with a cry—he had left her young, strong, handsome and full of life. Now he was returning—a broken man, who had sacrificed his manhood for his country.

Then, leaning on Yvonne's arm, they went up to the old mansion, where her father was waiting for them.

By permission of a Senior.

A RED CROSS DOG.

The call for volunteers had sounded. Men were wanted for the French army.

Among the men that volunteered was a poor man whose only companion was a dog. He and the dog had to eat anything that they could get and sleep in anything that was handy and would afford shelter.

Going into the recruiting station, the man offered his services and then told them that he had a dog which he wanted taken care of. The officer told him to bring the dog in. The man did so and gave him to the officer, who looked him over and then told his master that probably he could help his country also as they needed dogs, and that this one was one of the most faithful kind. The man was greatly pleased to know that his only possession could help in the great struggle. He was loath to give up his companion of many years, for where his master went, the dog was sure to follow, but he was glad that the dog would not have to roam about the streets with no one to take care of him.

The dog was then taken to a training station where the dogs were taught to go out after a battle on the field under fire and bring in a cap or anything that they could pull off the wounded man.

When the nurses at the station thought

that the dog had been trained long enough and could be depended on, they took him to a hospital within a short distance of the firing line.

By this time the dog's master had been sent out onto the field of battle and had started in to take his part in the great struggle that was going on.

Going through an entanglement one day the dog suddenly saw a form lying in front of him. He went up to the still body and sniffed around it. The man was just conscious enough to feel the dog lapping his face. He opened his eyes and looked at the dog's shaggy coat. The dog whined piteously when he saw the eyes close again, and then began pulling and tugging at his hat. He finally succeeded in getting it off and then started back to the hospital.

When they got back to the wounded man they put him onto a stretcher and gently lifted him into the waiting ambulance. After much jouncing and bumping they finally arrived at the hospital where it was found that the wounded man was beyond the power of human beings to restore him to life.

After the man was buried the dog went and lay down on the mound of earth. He would not take any nourishment nor

would he leave the place, but would only look pleadingly at anybody that came near.

He kept growing thinner and thinner

until he, too, started on his long sleep and was buried by the side of his master. Both of them had given their lives to France.

MAUD BURROWS, '22.

MY FRENCH ADVENTURE

It was nine o'clock in the evening and I was translating French. "L'aspect de la ville——"

What had happened. Were my eyes deceiving me? To my astonishment I found myself in the center of a small village. I saw a man walking a few feet ahead of me, and, after hurrying to overtake him, I said, "Pardon me, but could you tell me the name of this village?"

A bewildered expression crossed his face and after hesitating he answered, "L'ardon, mam'selle, je ne comprends pas l'anglais?"

French! ! "J'ai-er-er-er." Didn't I wish then that I had studied French with more earnestness. Here I was a stranger in a French village, and couldn't remember a word of French.

"Parlez-vous français?" he inquired hopefully. "Non-nous, monsieur," I replied sadly.

Then to my astonishment he began to make the most ridiculous gestures, and I

burst out laughing. The man stopped and walked away with an injured expression on his face. I hurried after him and pleaded in vain that I had meant no harm, but he would not listen to me.

Then I looked hopelessly around. "Bon jour, mam'selle," said a pretty girl pleasantly.

More French! !

Suddenly a French word flashed through my mind. Courir—run! and run I did, or rather I started to for

"Wake Up! Wake up!" cried a voice. I opened my eyes and began, "Say, I've had the funniest dream."

"I should say you had, at the rate that you've been talking French. 'Je ne', began my brother. "Too much French for such a child," said father laughingly.

Snatching up my beloved (?) Colomba I walked indignantly out of the room, resolving that never again would I study French at night.

ELEANOR SCULLEY, '21.

THE LIFE OF 1918.

Father Time was leading old Miss 1918 from this world forever, and as they were slowly departing they met her younger sister, Little Miss 1919.

After exchanging greetings Miss 1919 asked her sister how she had fared in the world. The old lady shook her head wisely and responded with some sadness, "People are very changeable. When sister '17 left they welcomed me with gladness,

but now I am forgotten, for they think of no one but you.

I have seen much happiness, misfortune and sorrow, also birth, life, and death. In devastated France, I saw many homes saddened and ruined. Many brave men died there for their country. In England and Italy things were the same, and in America circumstances were little better, for although they had not suffered as

much during the war as the other countries, there was a great loss of life during the epidemic.

Many will tell you that my life was more trying than any other year in the history of the world. We had a long, cold winter with much sickness and death.

I take pleasure in remembering one thing, though, that is, that peace was brought about during my life.

For this reason I believe that I have left the earth better for my being there, and

also because I have taught people to suffer uncomplainingly.

It is getting late now, and I think that I have delayed you quite enough, so good-by. I wish you a happy and prosperous life."

Then Miss 1918 saw Miss 1919 depart under the escort of old Father Time. She saw the doors of a happy and peaceful future open, and with a sigh she continued on her way.

ANONYMOUS.

SHIELDING

James Tower had closed his place of business in Boston and had gone west for his health. He spent his time in the outdoor air riding and going on trips for weeks at a time.

A few days after his arrival in the west there was murdered in the town a business man by the name of Schneider. No one could get trail of the murderer.

One evening Tower met a poor, half starved lad in tattered clothes. He took him home, fed him, and gave him a suit of clothes. The poor lad put on the suit and went away. Not knowing what to do with the old clothes he threw them in a trunk.

Next day Tower was visited by the police. They came and searched his room for they said the person suspected of the murder was seen entering there the previous night. On finding the discarded clothes they thought surely that Tower was hiding the criminal but when he told his story they believed him.

Two weeks later while walking through the woods Tower met the lad again. He stopped him, told him the authorities were on his trail, and asked him to tell why he had killed Schneider. After much coaxing the boy told this story.

One day while in Schneider's shop for he was an orphan and worked for Schnei-

A CULPRIT

der, he told his employer that he did not feel well. Schneider refused to let him stop working, however, saying he was lazy.

When Schneider left the shop about two o'clock, the lad threw himself down behind some logs and went to sleep. When he awoke it was dark. He looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock. He tried to find some way out. He saw a light through the key hole of the office door, peeking in he saw Schneider and one of his friends with many papers before them. As luck would have it, he stumbled and fell; they jumped to their feet and ran to the door. There was a struggle, in which he wrenched a revolver from Schneider's friend. Seeing Schneider draw a revolver, he shot, Schneider fell, and the other man ran away.

He went to the office where the papers were just as they had been left.

Schneider and his friend had been planning to smuggle ash wood to Germany for the manufacture of airships. Schneider was a German spy. The lad had to tell this, but the thought of killing the man, and the fear of being hanged, had made him run away.

"Come with me," said Tower. Have no fear for what you have done. Be proud."

ETHEL POOLE, '19.

COURAGEOUS JOE

Joe Thompson was a seaman in the United States Navy. He had enlisted when he was a boy and since then he had served five terms of four years each. He was now located on board a destroyer that was to sail for Europe. They arrived at Liverpool and loaded with ammunition and supplies. They steamed out of Liverpool harbor on the tenth of June with a large fleet of sister destroyers.

A month had now passed and nothing of importance had happened until on the thirteenth of July as they were having mess, the order "general quarters" was sounded on the bugler. Everybody ran for his place and Joe made his way to the stern as he was a member of the depth charge crew. The bombs were put in place

and as they passed over the spot where the "Sub" was last seen several were dropped. Somehow or other a bomb had become entangled with some ropes and the ignition had been started. In thirty seconds the bomb would explode and blow the stern of the ship off and kill most of the crew. Joe ran aft and jumped over the railing and with his knife cut the rope which held the bomb. After it had got under it exploded and a deluge of water was thrown over the stern of the ship. That was the last seen of Joe but later they saw oil and wreckage on the surface which indicated that the "Sub" was done for. Thus Joe gave his life for his country after twenty-five years of service.

THE FRESHMAN PARTY.

One of the best parties that has been held this year was the Christmas party given by the Freshman, Thursday night, December 19. As one entered the assembly room his attention was greatly attracted by the beautiful decorations of evergreen, pine boughs colored crepe-paper and the large, prettily decorated tree that was placed in a corner of the room.

When all were seated, Mr. Archibald started the ball rolling by getting the boys out of the darkest corner in the room and mixing them up with the girls by a game called Boston. We next played Spin the Cover, had a telegram contest, and a few more interesting games.

The jingle of sleigh bells was heard and Santa came into the room to distribute some presents; everyone in the room received two or more presents from him. Then the eats were brought on. Eats, Oh boy! They were the best that were ever served in Hamilton High. We had sandwiches, doughnuts, cookies, cake, candy, and some cocoa to wash it down.

After this, dancing was held in the hall, the music being furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and some of the students. About ten everyone was seen wrapping up and leaving the building after having enjoyed one of the best parties of the year.

RICHARD McGINLEY, '20.

A COUNTRY ROAD IN WINTER

The earth is all white with snow, which resembles a large white quilt. The icicles hanging on the trees look like diamonds glittering in the sun. The pine trees along the road are laden down with snow, while

the chick-a-dees twitter among their branches. A sled passes by and leaves a track converging in the distance like a railroad track.

RAYMOND WHIPPLE, '22.

MR. MICAWBER

Mr. Micawber was a smooth-faced man with long white hair which was whitened by trouble, though he always wore a smile. He had on an old fashioned waist coat, and short knee breeches, a battered old hat, and shoes that were several sizes too big for him. He wore something which was supposed to be a coat. Altogether he presented a very pitiful figure as he stood on the street corner.

NORA GORMAN, '22.

THE TRAMP

Along a lonely road trudges a hungry tramp. He wears a ragged pair of overalls that were once blue, but are now more of a gray, and a black swallow-tail coat that has seen many a day. His face is quite thin and bearded. He has sharp black eyes. Upon his head he wears a straw hat, although it is nearly Thanksgiving time. He mutters to himself as he goes along. He doesn't care about his looks, but thinks of a good dinner he will beg.

EINAR JOHNSON, '22.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

I am standing under the roof of the station. People come and go to the ticket office. Men a little way up the tracks are fixing the rails. Express men are carrying loads by me; some are loading them on trucks. Freight trains come through the station, some long and some short. In a few minutes I see a train coming; I ask the ticket agent if it goes to Boston. He says it does, so I get on and leave busy New York behind.

SAM MALONE, '22.

THE JUDGE

The judge is a stern looking man. He has broad slim features. His face is very thin and wrinkled, his eyes are set away back, and he has a white mustache. He wears a black suit, a high white collar, a red striped necktie, and usually black shoes. He always looks very neat and prim as he sits behind his desk. The expression he has on his face will almost tell you that he tries to deal fairly with everyone.

MINNIE GOULD, '22.

AFTER THE SNOW-STORM

After the snow had stopped falling I put on my wraps and went out-doors. I stood at the corner of my house and looked down the road. The trees were bent low with the snow and the roofs of the houses were also covered. The sun was shining and the sky was bright blue. The sun made the snow sparkle like diamonds. This, if painted, would have made a very beautiful picture.

LUCY SANDERS, '22.

THE COUNTRY IN SPRING

I am standing in an open field in the early spring. All around me everything is bubbling over with the joy of living. Birds fly through the air twittering to each other, and perch on the branches of trees, still continuing their merry chatter. Flowers are nodding brightly to the sun above, which looks down with beaming countenance on the happy world. Trees are budding out with soft green balls appearing here and there which will soon open and show a bunch of leaves. In the distance far above the tree tops, a cloud of white smoke rises into the air, and the warning whistle of an engine even seems to have a happy tone. Altogether, no one would realize that one part of the world is in utter desolation and sorrow.

MAUD BURROWS, '22.

SPORTING AND MILITARY NOTES

Anti Flu Club Activities

Since our last publication the members of the Anti-Flu Club have spent two very enjoyable Thursday afternoons in recreative outdoor activities. On Thursday Jan. 9, a coasting party on one of Hamilton's steepest hills was held. Forty-five students and four teachers walked in a body from the school house to the coasting grounds, and with the use of several large double-runners and flexible fliers spent a most enjoyable afternoon. We were fortunate to close the afternoons' festivities with nothing more serious than a damaged sled or two, as the hill was "just glare ice." We all concluded after two hours of coasting and a walk back that the "flu" germs would have had to "travel some" to keep up our pace on the hillside that afternoon.

On Thursday, Jan. 16th, the members of the club tried their luck at skating. Cutler's pond furnished amusement for about forty students and seven teachers.

Those who did not take skates were entertained by being drawn over the pond on "jitney rides" (a la sled route), while between turns plenty of laughter and fun was supplied by those whose ankles were weak and who, because of said malady could not navigate successfully for any length of time in an upright position.

A practice hockey game also kept many of the more energetic boys busy. All told, we had a fine time and felt much better for having been out in the air a whole afternoon.

CURRENT TOPICS

At the P. T. A. meeting Tuesday evening there was a very interesting entertainment furnished by the children of the grades. Each grade furnished a number on the program. There were songs, recitations and dramatization by the pupils of the lower grades. A Highland Fling was danced by Louise McKain and there were patriotic numbers and folk dances by the upper grade pupils.

The audience was larger than has ever been known at a P. T. A. meeting.

The ability of the children and the work of the teachers who had trained them, was greatly appreciated by all.

There has been a new plan adopted in teaching the U. S. History which is going to make it much more interesting. Each one is to take a day in turn in teaching the class. Mason Cook, being the first one, did very well, and expressed his wish that he might do it every day. All the

rest are looking forward to their turn.

Hamilton has begun to come to life since war ended. It has gone as far as to import into town, moving pictures, which show signs of being very popular.

The blowing of the whistle the other day at eight minutes past twelve caused a great deal of comment. People set their clocks back and some their so-called watches. Some of the children even came to school late next morning. If that wasn't the trouble, they may be thankful they were allowed that excuse. I guess many appreciated it.

Young men of Hamilton returned from the service of U. S. A.

Rudolph Haraden
Peter Frazer
Charles Grant
Harry McGregor
Stoughton Davis
Edward Cox

Louis Dodge
Walter Green
Gardner Low
John McGinley

Mr. Archibald has been to St. John's Prep. School at Danvers to referee their basket ball games. The Student Body of the Hamilton High envies their athletic spirit and wish they could imbibe some of the spirit.

Owing to the raising of the standard of the School, the evening social activities of the School have been indefinitely suspended until the scholastic standing of the School is as it should be. It is hoped that a little thought and attention on the part of the students will rectify this condition of affairs in the immediate future, so that our suspended activities may again be resumed.

ALUMNI NOTES

Frederick Daley was home on a short furlough at New Years from the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.

Lester Durkee was home also on a fourteen day furlough from Pensacola, Fla.

A letter just received from Lester Feener by his parents stating that he was not wounded but slightly gassed some time ago and is perfectly well now except for a slight cold.. He is in Luxemburg, Germany.

The sad news of the death of William Taylor overseas, came as a shock to his

many friends. His death was due to pneumonia.

"Hap" and "Vic" Daley, who are now with the army of occupation, have sent home a large collection of rare souvenirs. The collection consists of five German helmets, one French helmet, a German water bottle, two German medical kits, and a large number of German buttons. In the collection there are also several shoulder straps, one of which is a German officer's. The collection has been on exhibition at Daley's Market.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The Freshmen have spent this term on quick breads and cornmeal and graham muffins which they made to use up the substitutes. They are also studying the use of left over bread by making French toast and Welsh Rarebit.

The P. T. A. association are very kindly defraying the expense of serving to sixty-five pupils every day. The pupils are both grade and high school who stay to luncheon. They appreciate this very much as it makes their luncheon more palatable.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The marks have shown that there has been some good work done in the Commercial Department, and they also show that in some cases there has not.

The stenography class is guilty of the last charge. They have done quite an amount of work, but not as much as

should be done, and what was supposed to be learned was not learned very well. This was proved by the quizzes that were given the last week before the marks were sent in.

The second year bookkeeping class have nearly completed a two months set, com-

ing to a fire in the last part of the second month, and all the students wish the fire had come sooner, because it ends the business. The only thing to do now is to make the closing statements. The third year class has also done good work, finishing two one month sets, and starting a Grocery Business.

As the typewriters make quite a noise when they all are being run at once, each one has been set upon a book in order to deaden the noise. The speed tests have been started for the second year class of typewriting, and a fair showing has been made at it for the first attempt.

SOPHOMORE CHARACTERISTICS

Doris Brumby
Evelyn Conrad
Louise Day
John Foster
Bradley Fuller
Bessie McCrea
Robinson Mason

Delightful Bridget
Easily Caught
Little Dear
Joyous Fellow
Bright and Funny
Beautiful Minerva
Regular Mallet

Ruth Perley
Martha Pierce
Dorothy Smerage
Eleanor Sculley
Philip Smith
Horace Smith
Wesley Towle

Real Pretty ·
Mighty Proud
Dear and Sweet
Effectual Sinister
Pretty Swift
Horse Seller
Windy Tub

EDITORIAL

A new year means a new start in life. Whatever may have been the difficulties of the previous year we feel a renewed hope at this time.

Did you ever stop to think how many resolutions are made by people at this season? We make New Year's Resolutions and keep them for about a week, or maybe a month, and then comes an end to them, for in a few days our good resolutions are forgotten.

Therefore this year let us resolve not to make resolutions unless we intend to keep them, for what is the use of making them if they are to be broken.

Some critics are like chimney-sweepers: they put out fire below, or frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.

TO ROOSEVELT

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

GLEE CLUB NOTES

The Glee Club showed good spirit when so many of the girls came out the night of the twenty-third of December to take

part in the singing of Christmas Carols. They sang to the sick students and friends of the schools, bringing Christmas cheer with them.

After they were through singing, they gathered at Mr. Knowles' drug store where refreshments consisting of hot chocolate and cookies, were very kindly served by Mr. and Mrs Archibald.

The girls appreciate Mr. and Mrs. Archibalds' coming from Waltham to lead the singing and bringing other singers also.

The school is now planning to give a concert before long. The concert may be

followed by a dance.

The Glee Club are practising on a medley composed by Mrs. Archibald, and are to have new selections to work on soon. They are planning to put much work into the concert. The school chorus will probably sing a few selections also.

We hope that the proceeds from this year's concert will not fall short of last year's which were fifty dollars.

CLASS NOTES

1919

Daley washes the main room floor with the contents of his thermos bottle.

Miss P. "chooses her man." Smith is the victim.

"'Tis better to have loved your teacher than to have been caught by her, loving someone else."

In the series of chloric acids Trussell recommends thru his remarkable ability to speel (correctly?) that we substitute paregoric for perchloric — nothing like tying up chemistry with every day living Robert!

Mrs. S.—(to clerk at hat counter)
"I want to see a respectful looking hat."

(There aint no sich)

"Alb" Daley met with an accident. "Alb" thought that he was carrying too great a load on his shoulders in the form of hair, so he went into a reaping establishment and made himself so comfortable that he fell asleep. When "Alb" woke he was a ruined man.

Father—(leaning over banister)

"Edna."

Edna (below) —"Yes, father."

Father—"Will you tell Mr. C. if he's waiting for the morning paper he can get it quicker down town."

Where did W. S. get the upper story of a pair of pajamas that he is wearing in chemistry laboratory?

The H. H. S. hockey team has not met defeat as yet this season. (Good reason why) (?)

"JUST SUPPOSIN'" —

That we got A's on our next report card.

That the Junior girls were allowed to talk as much and as loud as they would like to. (It would be quiet as a boiler factory around school.)

That the "twelve o'clock whistle" really blew at twelve o'clock. (The "kids" would have no excuse for being late then)

That Gertrude Haskell was as tall as "Luke" and that "Luke" could toe dance

like Gertrude. (You've all heard about that graceful little "bird," the elephant)

That "Pete" kept half his good resolutions concerning good behavior during the last period. (Somebody has got to furnish material for class notes.)

That we were all as smart as Gertrude Sculley—Aw! what's the use!!

E. P. translating in French—

"Donne-moi ta petite main que je la baise."

"Give me your little hand and I will wash it."

"Why is a pig tail like the Germans?"

"Because it's the end of the swine."

The war department has bought many million pairs of shoes. It is plain to see that Uncle Sam does not want his army on their "Uppers."

Teacher—"What is a Diving Bell?"

Student—"Oh! now I know, but I never saw a dame 7.1 feet tall." —Ex.

Facts are carpet tacks under the pneumatic tires of theory.

Bill Hohenzollern is raising whiskers instead of raising anything else.

Charles: Did we have that for today?

English Teacher: Yes, where were you?

Charles: I was here spiritually but not mentally.

English Teacher: What?

Charles: Nothing.

English Teacher: Some people talk a lot but say nothing. You must be one of them, Charles.

U. S. History Teacher: What was General Taylor's policy?

"Pete." Life insurance policy.

U. S. History Teacher: James, can you recite?

James: I don't know.

U. S. History Teacher: It seems as though the extent of your vocabulary is "I don't know," and "Very well, very, very well."

1920

When the Juniors come in smiling.
And wear their grins all day, you'll know
they all got A
In the "Business English" test.

A Junior who was translating French into English read: "Mais etes vous maitre chez vous," which should have been translated as follows, "Are you master in your own home? The student translated it, "Is your mother at home?"

Spanish-La mona, aunque se vista de seda, mona queda.

English-The Monkey, although he may be clothed in silk, still remains a monkey.

Lawrence Knowlton, '20, has left school and is employed at the United Shoe Machinery Co.

Junior boys are forbidden to wear bow neckties at dancing school because of the trouble they have in tieing them.

1921

Miss R.—Who was the first Capetian leader?

B-M-s-n.—Hugh Capet.

Miss R.—When did he rule?

B-M-s-n.—At the beginning of Chap. XIII.

Mr. Archibald upon retiring to bed recalls his instructions given at 2 P. M. to a student, "You stay here and work on

these examples until I return to correct them."

We hope the unfortunate lad didn't stay all night.

Miss H. (to class learning new keys on the typewriter)

"Did you get that Philip?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because we never had it before."

Run to a fire and the world runs with you.

Run on an errand and you run alone.

1922

The "Freshies" forget that they must be "on their dignity" now that they are in high school and not address their classmates by their nick-names.

Sweet are the uses of a jack-knife in the Freshmen class!!

Bird, beast, or fish?

"The three kinds of sentences are complex, deplex, and incomplex."

From a Freshman paper.

Mr. A—"Who is a good photographer here?"

"Luke"—"Beany Holland is, he was the only one who passed in stenography."

Teacher—Tell what you know about electric railways.

Freshie—It doesn't take long for the passenger to go from the farmer to the consumer.

Wanted:

A hockey game with the Sophomores or Juniors.

A Freshman.

The fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on its digit. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

—Ex.

FADS AND FASHIONS

Don't you wish your brother had a pair of knitted stockings?

Boys be careful! Your neckties will get you in trouble if the girls turn many more rings.

Ask some of the "Freshies" how to overcome pale cheeks.

EXCHANGES

THE HAMILTONIAN acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

"The Review," Newton High School.

"The Cambridge Review," Cambridge Latin High School.

"Volunteer," Concord High School, Concord, N. H.

"Oracle," Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

"The Quarterly," Stanford High School, Stanford, Conn.

"The Monitor," Wellesley High School.

"The Breeze," Cushing Academy.

"The Mirror," Waltham High School.

"The Herald," Holyoke High School.

"The Gazette," Lynn English High School.

COMMENTS

"The Cambridge Review." Your editorials are good, and we certainly envy you your fall athletics.

"The Review." Your stories are very interesting.

"The Breeze." You are certainly well informed as to your alumni members.

"The Herald." Where are your exchanges?

"The Mirror." Each of your successive numbers shows us that we have a high standard to maintain.

"Oracle." The jokes are clever.

"The Monitor." A little poetry would add brightness to your paper.

"The Quarterly." Your paper is very entertaining.

"Volunteer." You have a good paper. Where are your comments?

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